

CALANS COUNTY MONITOR.

VOL. 3.

BARTON, VERMONT, MONDAY, MAY 4, 1874.

NO. 18.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING. SPECIAL attention paid to cutting Ladies' and Children's hair.

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PHOTOGRAPHER UNION, STAGE LEAVES for Mounting Pictures, Weddings, and Private and for Parties. Orders a day.

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DEALER IN DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, Caps and General Merchandise. The celebrated "Lion Water" on hand for sale.

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PROPRIETOR GLOVER FLOURING MILLS. Best Brands Family Flour always on hand. Also Corn and other feed. S. F. Particular attention paid to Custom Grinding.

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DEALER IN HARNESSES, RIDING BRIDLES, Collars and Horse Clothing, &c. All kinds of trimming—Rubber and Leather Covered, Collars, Harnesses, and Collars and Caskets. Picture frames, Spring Beds, &c.

J. E. DWINELL.

MANUFACTURER and dealer in Furniture of all kinds and descriptions. Carpets, Room Paper, Oil and Paints, and all kinds of Caskets, Picture frames, Spring Beds, &c.

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DEALER IN FURNITURE, COFFINS AND CASKETS. Irasburgh, Vt. 241

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PROPRIETOR IRASBURGH HOUSE, Irasburgh, Vt. A good Lodging in connection with the House. Stage leaves for Barton Landing, Vt. twice a day.

W. L. RESELE.

DEALER IN DRUGS, Medicines, Dry Goods, Stationery, Blank Books, Candles, Cigars, Tobacco, Pipes, Razors, and all the Popular Patent Medicines. Irasburgh, Vt. 244

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THE SAME OLD CHAP AS EVER, always on hand at his Post of Trade where Every man Loves to Trade for Goods in his line, such as Harnessee and Trunks, Livestock and Groceries, Vegetables, and a good place for travelers horses at his farm—Irasburgh.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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DEALER IN STOVES, TIN, JAPAN, WOOD, Glass and Hollow Ware and Agricultural Implements. All kinds of repairs in exchange.

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THE LATEST SPECIES OF HAND MADE Caskets, Coffins, and all kinds of Caskets. Picture frames, Spring Beds, &c.

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Wanted—A Minister.

We have been without a pastor

some eighteen months or more.

And though candidates are plenty,

we have not had a single one

so far as letters are concerned.

We are now in the hands of

Providence, and are waiting

for a man of God.

Before a church in earnest.

Who will be so good as to

write to the undersigned,

and let us hear from you.

On Monday, one or two

will call on the people.

To see if we would do.

The pious, pious people.

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A Little Fool.

Florence Reed was the little fool, and Julia Willis, her cousin, it was who called her so. You can judge between them if you like; it is a story that will not take long in the telling.

Florence—or Florry, for nobody ever dreamed of calling her any thing else—Florry Reed was not in the least what one would call a beauty; but then she had the softest eyes and the sweetest lips in the world. Something at least to that effect Charley Dennis had heard to believe that he spoke as one who should know on this subject.

The two had been lovers for quite a while; lovers in the bud, as one may say, and everybody knows that the bud is the sweetest part of the whole blossom-season. The practical, common place stage of declaration had not yet been reached; it was the time of broken hints and secret hand-pressures, of stolen kisses and general felicity. Florry walked on air, and forgot that it was not her native element, till one unlucky day the clouds melted under her feet, and let her down to earth again with a rude thump.

It was the day of a celebration given in Blackville to commemorate some event perfectly uninteresting to the world at large, but of the very last importance in the eyes of the Blackvillians. For, tho' Blackville was a little place, its inhabitants were men and women very much like other people, and measured the universe on the Blackville yardstick after the orthodox and proper fashion.

The festivity, beginning with an oration, ended with a picnic in a grove just outside the town, a magnificent maple grove, whose violet-scented solitudes it was almost a sin to profane with the clatter of hardware and the popping of ginger-beer corks. Charley Dennis and Florry were there together, as they were together everywhere. But unfortunately for Florry, Adela Brent was there also.

This young lady was not Blackville-born. She came from a much larger town, a town which had been turned up its nose very high indeed at poor little Blackville, had it happened to be aware of its existence at all. For which reason, the Blackvillians naturally looked with admiring awe upon it and all that pertained to it. Miss Adela, then, being a visitor just arrived among them, her appearance was an event second only to the great event commemorated by the day. She was not prettier than half their own girls there present, but she was wholly unlike them in dress and style; in a word, she was something new; and if novelty is one of the great-est of all charms anywhere, it certainly is not the least so in a small country town where a wholesome fear of their neighbor holds each in decent restraint. So all eyes were fastened on the stranger, when, at a rather late hour, she made her appearance on the ground, which in no wise discomposed her. She settled herself and her flounces, gave a final toss to the frizzy wilderness surrounding her little head, and, turning back her fan-parasol, looked around her with much the air which a traveler stranded among savages, might observe their barbarous customs.

The first of the natives on whom her glances chanced to rest, were Florry and Charley, and she vouchsafed them a prolonged examination, under which Florry's eyes felt and her color rose; where upon Adela, who had already mentally inventoried her as pretty, but deplorably without style, regarded her anew, with amused compassion, as a girl who could actually blush for being looked at!

Charley did not blush, though. On the contrary, he returned the gaze with one which might have abashed some girls. But Miss Brent was a young lady not easily abashed, and if the very evident admiration in the handsome savage's black eyes affected her in any way, it was certainly neither to embarrass nor offend her. That was plain from the manner in which she received his advances later; else the two would not have made so rapid an acquaintance, nor have been missing when, by-and-by, a stroll through the grove was proposed, so that Florry was obliged to put up with the escort of her cousin Fred Willis, a necessity considerably more agreeable to him than to her.

Oh, what a cloudy ending for a day that had begun all sunshine! Florry wondered piteously, when, the festival at an end, they drove back through the evening together, could this be the same Charley, who, on that very road, only a few hours before, had said—well, it was not so much what he had said as the way, and especially the look, with which he had said it,—could this be the same, this abstracted individual who had to keep rousing himself out of some reverie over-what? The charms of Miss Adela Brent? Florry greatly feared it.

Yes, that was it. New brooms sweep clean, and Miss Adela's flounces and frizzes had swept Charley quite away from his moorings. In a week, she could turn him round her little finger; in another, he had as completely deserted the softest eyes and sweetest lips, as if that and many a like speech had been but empty air.

If Florry had been a heroine, she would probably have broken her heart; have taken to writing poetry and reducing her weight at the rate of a pound a day. But then she was not a bit of a heroine; an army of little brothers and sisters to attend to left her no time for poetry writing, while Blackville, though as before stated, an insignificant place, had a bracing mountain air which forced people to eat in spite of themselves. So Florry, occupied with small frocks and stockings, did not lose her pretty color or roundness, and if there were sometimes tears in the "softest eyes," and sighs on the "sweetest lips," why, that is only what is happening every day to eyes and lips that are neither soft nor sweet.

No, Florry had no notion of sitting for a picture of despair. She had a stout little heart of her own, as brave as it was warm, and whatever the trial, she "grinned and bore it,"—metaphorically speaking; Nature, in bestowing on her a pair of dimples, having put the grin sardonic out of her power. It was very hard, very provoking, very cruel of Charley, no doubt, but still it was Charley, and she was not going to make an outcry against him. That was Florry's way of looking at it; there are such people now and then in this melody of a world.

But her cousin Julia, Fred Willis's sister, was quite of another mind. Julia was a young lady who had opinions and liked to speak them. She considered that Charley Dennis was behaving himself in a weak, wicked, and altogether disgraceful manner, which Florry was bound to resent; and this quite apart from her pet plan of making a match between her cousin and her brother, for Julia, if prejudiced, was honest. So she had no mercy for the traitor Charley, abusing him as often and as openly as Florry's reserve would allow, till one day the barrier broke down, and let the full tide of her wrath sweep over.

Fred was describing a party of the previous evening, at which neither of the girls had been present.

"I suppose that Miss Brent was there as large as life?" said Julia, whose habit it was to use the pronoun of censure in referring to Adela.

"Yes, she was there," answered Fred, and laughed to himself for a moment. Then, aloud, "The poor Charley Dennis makes of himself with that girl!" he said.

"And what he can see in her?" said Julia. "She's no beauty, certainly."

"Oh, as to that, she's pretty enough," said her brother—masculine and feminine eyes are so apt to see this matter differently—but as out-and-out a little flirt as ever I saw. Friend Charley'll find himself at the end of his string one of these days, or I'm much mistaken."

"And serve him right!" pronounced Julia, with vicious emphasis.

"Why serve him right?" here unexpectedly put in Florry, with more spirit than was usual to her soft voice. "Why should anybody object to Charley's waiting on Miss Brent, if he likes?"

"Oh, if it suits him, I've nothing to say against it, I'm sure," was all Julia could say in answer. Each one of the three knew quite well what had been meant by his being served right, and each knew that the others knew, but still it was the thing to ignore it in Fred's presence, so Julia could only look the pins and needles she longed to speak.

But the moment Fred was gone, she identified herself for this forced clemency. She pounced down on Florry, and never left her till she had worried her into tears and confession. Then she paused, half in triumph, half in pity.